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# THROUGH the DARKNESS



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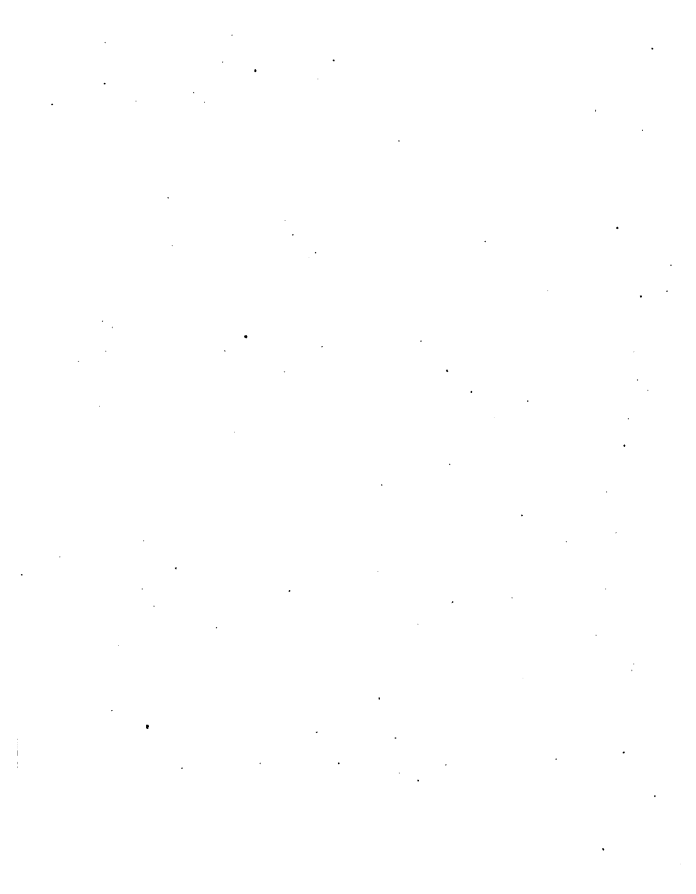
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GIVEN IN HIS MEMORY  
HIS FAMILY  
1945





Mrs. Susan E. Greene.

With the warm sympathy  
of her friend and pastor.

Theodore C. Pease

Malden—

8 January, 1885.



# THROUGH THE DARKNESS

A COMPANION TO "SUNSHINE AND  
STARLIGHT "

BY

MARY H. SEYMOUR

"If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me ; even the  
night shall be light about me."

—PSALMS 139. xi.



New York  
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## DEDICATION.

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To all those of my beloved in the Lord Jesus, who, having finished their earthly life in His faith and fear, have now by His sweet grace passed on "through the darkness," into the light of Paradise, there to be "numbered with His saints in glory everlasting," I lovingly and reverently dedicate this book,

**"In Memoriam."**



## Through the Darkness.

---

A DELICATE task it is indeed to try to lead a human soul through any darkness which may encompass it in this mortal life. One should learn the way ere they offer themselves as a guide ; they should walk with unwavering foot, and have a strong hand with which to aid those who tread behind them.

But, dear friends, One walks beside *you* who has trodden the darkest way, the thorniest path : no human hand *can* aid you, save as it leads you to this merciful Saviour; and you are bidden to lean on Him and trust to Him that even the dreariest path bring you at last to the rest and the peace of *faith in God*.

There safely may you indeed abide, till again your soul go down into the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," and there, as in all the dark places of this life, *Jesus* will again lead you, this time into your very "Home," where all sorrow and pain and every shadow of anxiety will be lost in the Sunshine of His Presence. Courage, then, as you walk on through the darkness! Lifting your eyes to your Leader for heart-cheer, may His Face be your Light, His Hand your strength, His Grace the food you feed upon, His Loving-kindness your never-failing strength.

"Looking off unto Jesus,  
Mine eyes cannot see  
The dangers and trials  
That throng about me :  
They cannot be shadowed  
By sorrowful tears,  
They cannot be clouded  
By unbelief fears."

So, for the days of your spiritual life when the "Sunshine" is dim; and for the nights when the "Star-light" is shadowed, take for your comfort this thought:

"The *Lord is my light*, and my salvation."

M. H. S.

---

Never refuse your daily trials, but never try to lift the burden of to-morrow.

*Translated from the French.*

---

"Regard suffering, even in its slightest forms, as a vocation, having its special duties, and offering its special grace. Say secretly to it, 'Here for the present lies thy allotted task, O my soul!' Consider how much may be made of this period; how largely it may be improved to God's service and thy salvation."

GOULBURN.

## 8      **Through the Darkness.**

---

“Never fail to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.”

P. BROOKS.

---

“Christians live forever and love forever, but they never part forever.”

ANON.

---

### AD CRUCEM.

*“When my heart is overwhelmed ;” “Lead me  
to the Rock that is higher than I !”*

Hope there seems none to-night ;  
Darkness obscures the light ;  
Faith,—tempest tossed—  
Whispers “thy trust is vain ;  
Poor soul,—thou’lt never gain  
Heaven :—but be lost !”

In such an hour of woe  
O ! whither can I go  
But unto Thee.

Jesus! my Loving Lord,  
Stay me upon Thy word!  
Pity Thou me!

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy com-  
eth in the morning."*

Thou once didst die to save  
My soul beyond the grave,  
Saviour Divine!  
To Thy dear Cross I fly,  
Here at Thy feet to lie,  
Let me be Thine!

Save me, despite my fears;  
Wipe Thou away my tears,  
O Piercèd Hand!  
Close by Thy wounded side,  
Jesus, the Crucified,  
Fearless I stand!

Washed in Thy Precious Blood,  
Cleansed by the healing flood,  
Here Lord am I,



By Thy Redeeming Grace  
Made fit to see Thy Face,  
Saved,—saved for aye !

\* \* \* \*

*“Unto Him that hath bought us, and washed us  
from our sins in His own precious Blood,  
“And hath made us kings and priests unto God  
and His Father,—to Him be glory and do-  
minion for ever and ever. Amen.”*

M. H. S.

---

“O Merciful Father, who hast taught us how great is the peace of Thy sleeping children, how sweet their rest with Thy First-Born, Thy Best-Beloved, with whom is fullness of joy ; we thank Thee for those whom we have lost, but Thou hast found. For O, Good Shepherd, Thou didst come and call for them. They knew Thy tender Voice : they followed Thee, and now in the land of Paradise they are at peace. Jesus, Master, Lord

and Christ, spare *us* to love Thee more, before we, too, go hence and are no more seen."

J. F.

---

Many a time our lives are all dark with sorrow or perplexity or disappointment, but hereafter those same lives may be fragrant with the blessing these sad days are holding in reserve for us. As a friend says, when writing of a week of very gloomy weather in the early spring-time : " I do not mind these dark days, do you ? *for I know they have violets in them.*"

M. H. S.

---

The grave itself is but a covered bridge leading from light to Light through a brief darkness.

LONGFELLOW.

---

" You know numberless assurances of consolation ; promises without end ; but you know them only, as it were, by rote ;

they may be close to you, but only as a vessel of water may stand close to a withering plant ; they reach not, they refresh not, the pining heart.

\* \* \* \*

There is a long battle to be fought before we can "rejoice in affliction." The heart must be convalescent before it can break forth into "songs in the night." The words that "*So* He giveth His beloved sleep," whatever their real meaning, imply an appointed previous struggle.

\* \* \* \*

Sorrow is intensely literal in its interpretations ; those who write for it and talk to it are too often loose and vague.

\* \* \* \*

Bear patiently with us, and tell us to bear patiently with ourselves ; warn us even that our sufferings may increase ; for it is not the first weeks of separation, it is the continued absence of the beloved

one which draws the strain so tight on  
the heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Remind us that this rugged road of  
the Cross on which we stumble and fall  
with bleeding feet, has been sanctified  
and in the end smoothed to us by the  
Blessed Passage of One who was made  
perfect thereon.

*Extracts from "Fellowship."*

---

IN MEMORIAM.

Blue the sky and warm the golden sun-  
light,

Yet to-day,  
In His arms the Shepherd took our dar-  
ling

Far away.  
Far away beyond earth's toil and clamor,  
To the Home,  
Where thro' golden streets, her sufferings  
ended,

She may roam.

Oh ! God ! comfort us in this great  
sorrow !

Let us feel  
That the Hand which wounded us so  
sorely,

Still can heal.  
Let us know amid our bitter anguish,  
Through our pain,  
That our loss—how great no words can  
utter,  
Is her gain.

Lies she quiet in her marble beauty ;  
On her face  
Is the peaceful look of one who dying  
Knew God's grace.  
Can we grieve for her that she is  
standing  
Clothed in white ?  
That upon her eyes, no longer darkened,  
Bursts the Light ?

With no fear, but with a sweet confiding  
Did she go.

Death to her was as a beauteous angel,  
Not a foe.

Teach us, too, to say, though blinding  
tear-drops

Hide the sun,  
Not our will, but Thine, oh ! Holy  
Father !

Thine be done !

As she lies within her narrow coffin

All at rest,

Fold her waxen hands with one pure lily  
On her breast.

Grieve no more ; our flower is but trans-  
planted ;

It will bloom

Brighter, lovelier, in the land

Where partings never come.

J. L. T.

Behold our Lord at Bethany mingling His tears with those of the sisters in their lamentations, and you will feel that sadness is not to be escaped by the very choicest of God's Saints, but that whom He loveth best, He chastens most. It is the same Lord who has so often blessed, and when He sends evil, would have us regard it as one of those "must be's" which He applied to His own trials and final agony of unknown sorrows.

REV. DR. HARRIS.

---

After all, how few troubles we have ! for God gives with one hand, if He takes away with another.

C. KINGSLEY.

---

Dispose thyself to patience rather than to comfort : and to the bearing the cross, rather than to gladness.

THOS. Á KEMPIS.

The smitten soul is a soul well guarded and protected, the Blood of Christ is pleading its cause.

LOBSTEIN.

---

The crosses we make for ourselves by anxiety as to the future, are not the crosses sent by God.

FENELON.

---

We are too apt to forget amid the pressure of life's burdens, that the Divine Love is personal, individual, discriminating, and unchanging, and that through ways that we know not, the Lord is leading us on. When we seem the most deserted, He may be drawing us nearer to Himself.

ANON.

---

“ I look to Thee in every need,  
And never look in vain :



I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,  
And all is well again :  
The thought of Thee is mightier far,  
Than sin and pain and sorrow are."

S. LONGFELLOW.

---

God would never send you the darkness,  
If He felt you could bear the light :  
But you would not cling to His guiding  
Hand  
If the way were always bright.  
And you would not care to walk by faith  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish  
For your sorrowful heart to bear,  
And many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear :  
He knows how few would reach Heaven  
at all,  
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness  
And the furnace of seven-fold heat.

'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to His Feet ;  
For 'tis always so easy to wander,  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's  
And sing, if you can, as you go ;  
Your song may cheer some one behind you  
Whose courage is sinking low :  
And—if your lips do quiver,—  
God will love you the better so.

AN ENGLISH AUTHOR.

---

What is resignation ? Placing God  
between ourselves and our trouble.

MADAME SWETCHIN.

---

Patience is the endurance of any evil,  
out of the love of God as the will of God.  
There is nothing too little in which to

approve ourselves to God : nothing too little in which without God we should not fail : nothing too great which with the help of God, we may not endure. The offices of patience are as varied as the ills of life. We have need of it with ourselves and with others : with those below and those above us, and with our own equals : with those who love us, and those who love us not : for the greatest things and for the least.

PUSEY.

---

*From the unpublished Journal of a sweet  
Saint now with God.*

The first day of the year is one of dark clouds and bright sunshine, just as all the other days will be in our lives, I suppose : for probably not one will be so bright that there will be no cloud in it, and not one so dark as to have no sunshine.

How I trust this new year may be free  
from sleepless nights, aches and pains.  
Yet at its close if I might say that there  
had never once been truce betwixt my  
soul and sin, I might well bear wakeful  
nights and throbbing nerves.

\* \* \* \* \*

“If you divide suffering and dross,—  
you may  
Diminish till it is consumed away.  
If you divide pleasure and love, and  
thought,  
Each part succeeds the whole and we  
know not  
How much, while any yet remains un-  
shared,  
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow  
spared.”

Are these lines of Shelley's not ex-  
quisite, and oh ! so true ?

I believe there is no grief that is not  
lightened by telling it to a sympathizing

friend, and many griefs are wholly cured in that way. And to share our pleasure, love and thought with a dear friend, is a great blessing; how many of *my* joys have been doubled by sharing them.

And there is always One sympathizing friend with us: our dear, dear Saviour. I want now to put away my lamp, and looking out at the beautiful stars, to tell Him of one blessing I have had to-day, and one sorrow: so the blessing may be the brighter, and the sorrow lighter when I have "laid it all before the Lord."

\* \* \* \* \*

Hush, faithless heart! What does a child know of its earthly father's dealings with it? What to it are a father's rebukes, denials, commands? and are we not blind as children, weak as infants: yes, poorer than they in all, even in faith? The child trusts the parent still, while we too often turn away.

What have I to do with the *origin* of evil? enough that the cure is brought near to me, that I have only to look and be saved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! how happy I was when in the soft sunset I came to my room, and commenced telling my grief: the dear Saviour did not wait to hear me say but a few words, when He stood before me, and said, "you poor child."

I almost heard the words with my ears: *quite* with my heart! then I just cried and cried! and I do not think He cared to have me say any more but to thank Him!

\* \* \* \* \*

A furious storm, which makes me think of higher things: of storms of care and sorrow which may be wild about our path, but can never hurt the soul, hidden with Christ in God.

\* \* \* \* \*

I dread the dark Valley, and yet I dread *life*. Why cannot I simply trust for death *or* for life? Live so near to Christ that I will not be afraid of anything here : so near Him that the Valley that else *would* be dark, will be lighted by His Presence? Hold so close by His Hand, that He will not let it drop then, when I need Him most to guide me. When I go on that untried road, sometimes I almost wish some one was there waiting for me. It is many years since any dear friend has died, and I feel no longing for any who have gone before. But it should be enough for me, that my Saviour will take me when I die, and *His* love will be enough to fill my soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

How easy it is to live *two lives*. To show the world only sunshine, and hide underneath black clouds. But we must just lift our eyes to God when the tears

are in them, and He will look down upon them with His marvellous light, and make a rainbow in our hearts.

“Much must be borne which it is hard to bear :

Much given away which it were sweet to keep :

God help us all ! who need indeed His care :

And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Weddings and funerals : tears and flowers at both ; hopes too at both, hopes of happiness. If there were no hope at the grave, our hearts would sink lower than the body does : but they must not go down with the body, but up, up, with the soul ! that is our glorious privilege, our unspeakable comfort.

M. S.



What in the heart lies deepest ever,  
 Unbreathed by mortal lip abroad,  
 And heard by ear of mortal never,  
 Takes voice before the Throne of God.  
 The silence of our spirit tells,  
 Its tale *aloud* where Jesus dwells.

*From the Danish.*

---

TRANSVERSE AND PARALLEL.

My will, dear Lord, from Thine doth run  
 Too oft a different way,  
 'Tis hard to say, "Thy will be done,"  
 In every darkened day!  
     My heart grows chill  
     To see Thy will  
 Turn all life's gold to gray.

My will is set to gather flowers,  
     Thine blights them in my hand ;  
 Mine reaches for life's sunny hours,  
     Thine leads through shadow-land ;

And all my days  
Go on in ways  
I cannot understand.

Yet more and more this truth doth shine  
From failure and from loss,  
The will that runs transverse to Thine  
Doth thereby make its cross :  
Thine upright will  
Cuts straight and still  
Through pride, and dream, and dross.

But if in parallel to Thine  
My will doth meekly run,  
All things in Heaven and earth are mine,  
My will is crossed by none :  
Thou art in me,  
And I in Thee,—  
Thy will—and mine—are done !

W. M. L. JAY.

The God of Christians is a God of miracles : you carry to Him sorrow, and receive from Him peace : you seek Him in despair and leave Him in hope. He touches a sinner, who becomes the saint that praises Him.

MADAME SWETCHIN.

---

All things pass away, even the gifts of God : He alone is left to us.

BOSSUET.

---

Hope is the cordial of the human heart.

BURNS.

---

Let us be like the bird, for a moment  
perched

On a frail branch, while he sings ;  
Though he feels it bend, he continues  
his song,

For he knows he has wings.

VICTOR HUGO.

In the midst of the darkness which surrounds me, your letter has for a moment unveiled the eternal kingdom of truth to my view, and my stricken soul has for a moment been cheered and strengthened.

Such was surely your desire : it has been fulfilled.

Now I in turn express the wish of my heart when you think of me in my great misfortune. In the severe tests that the Lord allots me, do not address to me words of consolation, but words of truth which in time will give me Heavenly consolation.

Always write to me what the Word of God reveals upon eternity. Faith has surely the privilege of entering the kingdom of the blessed in advance, but mine is still too disquieted to cast an assured glance thitherward.

The sufferings of a broken heart : the grief into which the thought of the future

plunges me, is still poignant : its voice speaks too loud for me to hear the voice of the Lord.

At times it seems well to me to hear a word of the kingdom, or rather of the kingdom of the living. A word descends from the cross into my wounded heart, but it is soon silenced by the lamentations of life. In the contests of my soul I have however kept the unalterable conviction that the most mysterious and painful of God's dispensations are always an effect of His Love : when I can no longer even pray, I have yet daily to offer Him the sacrifice of my ineffable grief, saying, "Lord I resign him : Thou hast willed it, so let it be !"

*Translated from the French by*

E. F. P.

---

O stronger Thou than Death or Hell !  
Where is the foe thou canst not quell ?

What heavy stone Thou canst not roll  
From off the prisoned, anguished soul ?  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

If Jesus lives, can I be sad ?  
I know He loves me, and am glad !  
Though all the world were dead to me,  
Enough, O Christ, if I have Thee !  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

HEERMAN.

---

There is a great difference between  
care and trouble.

FENELON.

---

A real faith has no anxiety.

ST. AMBROSE.

---

The souls of those who have departed  
hence in the grace of God, are in un-  
conceivable bliss, a bliss to which every  
spiritual bliss in this life is joylessness.

\* \* \* \* \*

All, in some gone before, have their  
portion in Paradise : all leave some who  
long for and await their coming.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

All leave some link of human affection  
with the unseen world ; all some treasure  
there, that their hearts may the rather be  
there also.

PUSEY.

---

My friend, over whose life sorrows ebb  
and flow like waves beating upon the  
shore, over whom the billows are driven  
one after another, "deep calling unto  
deep," and "wave unto wave," you  
cannot see what it means now, but hold  
fast your hope, you "shall know here-  
after," and looking back upon your life's  
history, you shall see upon the cloud and  
upon the waves, a glow of meaning and  
of beauty too, with which earth's brightest  
scenes cannot compare.

S. O. S

Think of the thousands throughout Christendom, who at this moment are lying in pain, who are minute by minute drawing nearer to their last agony, or who are actually in the pains of death. If they can lie still, if they have the great grace to suffer uncomplainingly, \* \* \* What is the secret of their power? It is that they have been, that they are, gazing steadily on Jesus Christ, the Crucified ; that His patience has won them—won them utterly. \* \* \* They say to themselves in the words of one great sufferer, “ If He could endure all that for me, how little is this to suffer with Him.”

H. P. LIDDON.

---

The world promises, and you believe.  
God swears, and you doubt Him.

ANON.

---

“ Blessed are the dead which die in



the Lord"—“for they rest from their labors.”

For them life's work is done ; like the tired laborer they cease from toil, and that forever ; for in that new life upon which they enter, activity and earnest service, though engaged in with an energy quickened beyond all conception, is no longer toil. They rest from their labors in that all weariness, all discouragement, all fear as to results are forever gone. The active brain shall no longer throb with painful effort to work its way to a successful issue from its perplexities ; the wearied feet shall no more be called upon to tread the steep path of life's duty. The Christian soldier who has held the post of duty and of danger against the foes pressing hotly to force him from it, may relax his vigilance and lay aside the armor which, though so necessary for his safety, was a heavy burden, as in the heat of the day and in

the dust of battle his foes thronged around to destroy him. The fight is fought, and as the sounds of the battle die away in eternal peace, all danger, all strife is over. The restless brain, the busy hands, the tired feet, the perplexed and grieved heart ;—from all these they do rest : not in aimless, purposeless existence, not in the unconsciousness of a quiet and unbroken sleep, but in a life which accomplishes grand results without doubt,—but without the weariness and irritation which so often accompany them here. They rest,—but it is in a service where He who maketh His ministers a flaming fire, shall uphold and strengthen, so that “they shall run and not be weary, and walk, and not faint.”

REV. S. O. SEYMOUR.

---

Jesus, I am never weary,  
When upon this bed of pain,  
If Thy presence only cheer me,

All my loss I count but gain :

Ever near me—

Ever near me, Lord, remain !

Dear ones come with fruit and flowers,

Thus to cheer my heart the while

In these deeply anxious hours ;

Oh ! if Jesus only smile !—

Only Jesus

Can these trembling fears beguile.

All my sins were laid upon Thee,

All my griefs were on Thee laid ;

For the blood of Thine atonement

All my utmost debt has paid ;

Dearest Saviour,

I believe, for Thou hast said.

Dearest Saviour ! go not from me ;

Let Thy presence still abide ;

Look in tenderest love upon me—

I am sheltering at Thy side.

Dearest Saviour !

Who for suffering sinners died.

Both mine arms are clasped around Thee,  
And my head is on Thy breast ;  
For my weary soul has found Thee  
Such a *perfect, perfect* rest.  
Dearest Saviour,  
Now I know that I am blest.

*Lines composed on her death-bed by the daughter of  
the late Archbishop of Dublin.*

---

Our parted state now is quiet gray weather, under which all tender things will spring up and grow beneath the warm, damp air, until they are ready for the next burst of sunshine to hurry them into blossom and fruit. Let us plant and rear all tender thoughts, knowing surely that those who "sow in tears shall reap in joy." I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to Him.

C. KINGSLEY.

Drink freely and affectionately of thy Lord's bitter cup if thou desirest to manifest thy friendship for Him, and the part Thou hast with Him. To suffer therefore, is thy portion ; and to suffer patiently and willingly is the great testimony of thy love and allegiance to thy Lord.

THOS. Á KEMPIS.

---

What is sickness but God's own method of calling the soul to "come apart" with Him as unto a desert-place, and to "rest awhile"? In the midst of health and strength is it not so, that there are many "ever coming and going" and there is little leisure to feed on that "Word of God" which alone can stay the soul.

BUTLER.

---

God does not send us strange flowers  
every year,  
When the spring winds blow o'er the  
pleasant places,

The same dear things lift up the same  
fair faces ;

The violet is here.

It all comes back : the odor, grace, and  
hue ;

Each sweet relation of its life repeated :  
No blank is left : no looking for is  
cheated ;

It is the thing *we know*.

So, after death, winter it must be ;  
God will not put strange sights in heaven-  
ly places,

The old love shall look out from the old  
faces :

I shall have thee !

ANON.

---

THE MASTER'S CALL.

“RISE,” said the Master, “come unto  
the feast.”

She heard the call, and came with will-  
ing feet :

But thinking it not otherwise than meet  
For such a bidding to put on her best,  
She is gone from us for a few short  
hours,

Into her bridal closet, there to wait  
For the unfolding of the Palace Gate,  
That gives her entrance to the blissful  
bowers.

We have not seen her yet, though we  
have been

Full often to her chamber-door, and oft  
Have listened underneath the postern  
green,

And laid fresh flowers, and whispered  
low and soft,

But she hath made no answer, and the day  
From the clear west is fading fast away.

H. ALFORD.

---

We know in Heaven hearts grow not  
cold,

Our loved are there,—we wait God's  
time.

W. M. L. JAY.

The sweet peace of God bears the outward token of resignation.

ANON.

---

Now I have felt what it means that a pure spirit returns to God to be a ministering angel to Him. Your child is not yours the less, that he now waits for you, unseen, in the more immediate presence of His Father, and *your* Father.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blessed be God, for having granted her to me, though for so short a time. There is no joy in this world to be purchased without pain ; the one exquisite in proportion to the other. I fear that you are suffering more *now*, that everything is finished : now that you have nothing more to do for your darling. When your nearest and dearest friends are beginning by the gradual influence of time to find their thoughts drawn into other channels, to get used to the fact of afflic-



tion, to live as before, you have the ever-growing consciousness of privation, the fresh cup of bitterness in recollection. Do you recall the words of Shakespeare :

“ To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes.

Until it grow as high as highest Heavens.”

and another passage :

“ Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Puts on her pretty looks, repeats her words.”

BARONESS BÜNSEN.

---

It was not that our love was cold,  
That earthly lights were burning dim ;  
But that the Shepherd from His fold  
Had smiled and drawn them unto Him.

Praise God the Shepherd is so sweet !  
Praise God the country is so fair !  
We would not hold them from His feet :  
We can but haste to meet them there.

ANON.

Yes, it is well ! For he has gone from  
me,

From my poor care, my human fallacy,  
Straight to the Master's School : the  
Shepherd's Love.

Blessed are they whose training is above.  
He will grow up in Heaven : will never  
know

The conflicts that attend our life below.  
He from his earliest consciousness shall  
walk

With Christ Himself in glory : he shall  
talk

With sinless little children, and his ear  
No sound discordant, no harsh word  
shall hear.

Nay, but I have no words with which to  
tell

How well it is with him—how well, how  
well !

E. PRENTISS.

---

And now beneath our roof there are  
more than are counted by the eye of a

stranger. Spirits of dear departed ones which he cannot see are never far from the eyes of the household : steps are on the stairs, but not for common ears ; and familiar places and objects restore smiles, tears, acts of goodness and words of love which are seen and heard by memory alone.

Beloved ones ! how few are the households that do not number vacant places at the table and around the fireside, and yet who are not reckoned as lost ; only as gone before. And when the business of daily life is suspended, and its cares are put to rest,—nay, often in the midst of the world's tumult, their voices float down so closely and distinctly from Heaven, and say to their own, "Come up hither."

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Death touched our beloved one very gently. As often happens there had come back to her something of a sweet

look, which had for some time past faded from her face. There was, too, that mysterious smile, that expression of rapturous repose, which is the seal of Heaven set on earthly clay ; and it seems to us as if the softly closed eyes must be looking on some vision of bliss, or on the beauty of the Lord her God !

E. F. PARSONS.

---

Sweet thought ! that those we love  
Whom Jesus also loved and called His  
own,

Have gone to Him above,  
And wait for us beside the Father's  
Throne.

Hope on ! ye yet shall meet  
Where mourners never shed the parting  
tear:

And in that rapture sweet,  
Forgotten shall be all ye suffered here.

ANON.

## GOD'S PEACE.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still :  
Around me flows Thy quickening life.  
To nerve my faltering will ;  
Thy Presence fills my solitude ;  
Thy Providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear Love  
Held in Thy Law, I stand ;  
Thy Hand in all things I behold,  
And all things in Thy Hand :  
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,  
And turn'st my mourning into praise.  
S. LONGFELLOW.

---

Oh ! while beneath the snowdrift buds  
The flower we love the best,  
And on the wind-tossed bough the bird  
Still builds its happy nest,  
Praise God for all the good we know,  
And trust Him for the rest !

ANON.

Oh ! we all have need of that prayer of the Breton mariner, "Save us, O God ! Thine ocean is so large, and our little boats so small."

FARRAR.

---

Can we not point to some crisis in our own career which has given, shall I say, that set of gait to our disposition by which its individuality is at once recognized by all around us ?

W. M. TAYLOR.

---

There is not a Christian mother that does not know that in carrying the cross, we end by being carried upon it.

H. W. B.

---

I will not let Thee go ; Thou Help in  
time of need !

Heap ill on ill

I trust Thee still,

E'en when it seems as Thou could'st slay  
indeed !

Do as Thou wilt with me,  
 I yet will cling to Thee,  
 Hide Thou Thy Face, yet help in time  
 of need  
 I will not let Thee go !

I will not let Thee go : should I forsake  
 my bliss ?

No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,  
 And I am Thine,  
 Thee will I hold when all things else I  
 miss,  
 Though dark and sad the night,  
 Joy cometh with Thy light,  
 O Thou my Sun : should I forsake my  
 bliss ?

I will not let Thee go !

DESZLER. 1692.

---

All things work together for good to  
 them that love God.—*Romans*, viii. 28.

Fear not, O troubled heart to take on  
trust

    This passport to thy rest :  
For though thou canst not read as yet  
    the whole,  
    God's seal is manifest.

“ All things ”—so runs the promise broad  
and free,

    If only Christ is mine :  
Sorrow and joy are servants of *one*  
    Lord,  
    And work out *one* design.

The very griefs that try and vex my  
soul

    Sweet recompense will yield :  
Working the furtherance of God's perfect will,  
    Thus faithfully revealed.



And I will take from out the river's  
depth,

Like Israel of old,  
Memorial stones, where at His word,  
The waters backward rolled.

M. K. A. STONE.

---

Howbeit you get strokes from your  
Lord, yet believe His Love more than  
your own feelings. Your Rock doth  
not ebb and flow, though your sea doth.

RUTHERFORD.

---

We cannot make the sunshine, but we  
can remove from that which may cast a  
shadow on us. Remove thou thy sins,  
O weak believer, and thou may'st hope  
to see Christ thy sun yet again.

SPURGEON.

---

"God is not the God of the dead, but  
of the living." To God no human being  
is dead or ever can be dead. Death is a  
word which has no meaning in the realm

of spirits : all these sustain a living, conscious relation to God, they may pass from earth, and be no longer visible to our eyes ; but it is only a removal to another apartment in the Father's House ; they are living there under His paternal care and goodness, and with us form the one household of God.

\* \* \* \* \*

When we think of the spirit sundered from the body at death, and try to follow it in imagination in its journey into the presence of God, we are conscious of a certain distance and immensity which bewilders us. The transition from the home and familiar scenes and daily companionships of loved ones here on earth, to the unseen world with its strange experiences, wondrous revelations and boundless magnificence, seems like a going forth into strangeness and isolation, a going out, not knowing whither, out of the reach of what is loved and familiar ;

and beyond the intimacies of human sympathy and companionship. How the expression "gone to Heaven," while it conveys to us certain assurance of hope and felicity, yet rather oppresses us by its grandeur !

\*           \*           \*           \*

To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. The word translated "to be present" really means to be among one's people : surrounded by familiar scenes and faces ; in a word to *be at home* ; and is there not something very beautiful in this divine assurance, that the spirit as it goes forth from the body does not feel the sundering of the ties which bind us to earth, nor is it oppressed by the strangeness of the translation, nor bewildered by the immensity of its abode ? Its exit will be a *going home* : some place there is which is the Home of Christ's redeemed ones : where they shall be welcomed to His Presence,

and have friendly hands outstretched to greet them, and loved faces to surround them, and blissful occupations to engage them. Heaven is the home of the spirit, and death, instead of unhousing it, or turning it adrift like an ejected tenant from its present dwelling, opens for it the door of its true home, and ushers it into its heavenly intimacies and companionships.

\* \* \* \* \*

Home to the child is the very embodiment of safety, and in the largest, fullest sense is it so with the Eternal Home. The child of God on earth is often in heaviness through manifold temptations : walks sometimes in darkness and has no light : doubts everything, doubts himself, doubts his Saviour, doubts whether he will ever reach Heaven, goes from side to side vainly seeking rest, finds trouble, and cries " Oh ! that I had wings as a dove, for then would I flee away ! "

But once at home with the Lord, and

all these sources of disturbance are over, trials are at an end, for patience has had her perfect work : no room for self-deception, for it knows even as it is known : no place for fear, for it is more than conqueror through Him that loved us : all good is realized, all wants met, all desires satisfied : it dwells under the very shadow of the Almighty, and its heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord. Its eye is as clear as the stars of God, and its love as fresh as the morning, and its faith as beautiful as the summers of eternity. Oh ! how feeble are our words to tell us anything of the glory which is to be revealed. These homes of earth, the noblest and the happiest, are but a dim reflection, a faint shadow of that which is above and beyond us. It would almost seem as if the race had some glimpse of a home that is Divine, and each of the great families of which it is composed had striven to realize some

fragment of the great ideal. The Egyptian had the idea of *life*, the Persian of *light*, the Greek of *beauty*; the Roman, *law*, the Christian, *love*, and if we could combine all these separate elements into a completed whole, the glorious picture of that ultimate home which Christ has gone to prepare, might stand in some measure disclosed to our view.

REV. W. W. WILLIAMS, D. D.

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THE EASTER MESSAGE.

"Fear not ye : for I know that ye seek Jesus."

—*Matt.* 28: 5.

Low at Thy love-clasped feet, O Lord !  
Fresh flowers of grace we thankful lay ;  
Joy for the Angel's Easter word,  
And for Thy resurrection-day !  
Some blossoms, and some golden grain  
Of ours, dear Lord, it well may be,  
Thy hand hath garnered through our pain,  
Since last we kept the Feast for Thee.

When, on a day all desolate,  
We laid our peaceful dead away,  
Balmed with faith's spicery to wait  
Their "better resurrection" day,  
Turned we with eyes made sorrow-blind  
Unto the home where they are not,  
Deeming we left the best behind  
Of all our heaven-apportioned lot !

Yet trust we still that through our dark,  
Hope's song of cheer will soon respond  
Far past the mist—like note of lark—  
"God hath some glad surprise be-  
yond !"

This side of His dear heaven, we know,  
Dim desert-places yet may lie ;  
But Christ can pitch love's tent e'en so,  
By fountains freshening from the sky.

And when at life's grand Easter-tide  
He comes, of saints to be adored,  
No love-constraining bands His bride  
Will need to hold her willing Lord ;

Forever she "shall see His face"

With open, love-illuminated eyes,  
And laud His name for all the grace  
And all the joy of Heaven's surprise.

M. K. A. STONE.

---

Perhaps you have had all through life, something which has always spoiled your pleasure. Every soul called by God has always been more or less tried and proved. It is a sign of safety. Have confidence in God's plans; His protection will go with you everywhere; His love will make you find it sweet to suffer for Him.

Try to bear with great patience and much love the contradictions, bitter-nesses and fatigue of each day. Look upon every one of these things as a little offering you can make to God.

FROM THE FRENCH.

---

Nothing does so establish the mind amidst the rollings and turbulence of



present things, as both a look above them and a look beyond them ; above them to the steady and good Hand by which they are ruled, and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which, by that Hand they will be brought.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

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Hold in my sight Thy wondrous cross :  
So shall I faint not under mine :  
So shall I deem no anguish loss  
That leads me in Thy steps Divine.

W. L. M. JAY.

---

It was the fancy of the ancients to speak of the "sleep of death" ; but for the Christian, life is the sleep from which death awakens him. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

In death the spirit opens its eyes, recalled from a troubled dream to the realities of life which have all the time surrounded it unseen, and to the Father, who has been all the time "not far from every one of us."

REV. F. W. HENRY.

True resignation is the offering of the heart to God : and the cheerful acceptance of all that may wound it, afflict it, or oppress it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do not be cast down: sadness is very hurtful to the soul : a sad soul soon becomes weak.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adversity is one of the epochs of our life : in it we should draw very near to God, to listen to His voice. Be very attentive to His voice : let the bitterest trials pierce your heart like thorns from the Crown of Jesus Christ. After all, there is only one real trial—that of not loving God.

*Translated by E. H. M.*

---

Act upon faith in little things ; commit thy daily cares to Him, and He will strengthen Thy faith for any greater trials.

ANON.

Truly it is a hard lesson, but if by God's grace we learn it, we shall find that there is no joy in the world like the joy of those who have entirely given up the thought of pleasing themselves, and seek only to hear and to do the will of God.

P. YOUNG.

---

Prepare thy spirit to suffer patiently the innumerable inconveniences and troubles of this miserable life. It is patient suffering alone that can either disarm their power, or heal the wounds they have made.

THOS. A KEMPIS.

---

If I could only surely know  
 That all these things that tire me so  
     Were noticed by my Lord !  
 The pang that cuts me as a knife,  
 The lesser pains of daily life,  
 The noise, the weariness, the strife,  
     What peace it would afford.

I wonder if He really shares  
In all my little human cares,  
    This Mighty King of Kings !  
If He who guides through boundless  
    space  
Each blazing planet in its place  
Can have the condescending grace  
    To mind these petty things ?

It seems to me, if sure of this,  
Blent with each ill would come such  
    bliss  
    That I might covet pain ;  
And deem whatever brought to me  
The loving throb of Deity,  
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,  
    Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord ! my heart shall no more  
    doubt,  
That Thou dost compass me about.  
    With sympathy Divine !  
The Love for me once crucified,

Is not the Love to leave my side,  
But waiteth ever to divide  
Each smallest care of mine !

ANON.

---

Keep silence about your little worries,  
and you will retain the blessing they  
bring. Avoid expressions of murmur-  
ing, of weariness, in suffering: they  
wither the fruits of patience and rob you  
of the benefits of your trials.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suffering in this world is an infallible  
mark of the love God bears toward us.  
“You are bound to the cross. I entreat  
you not to struggle.” The more loving-  
ly the Cross is carried by the soul, the  
lighter it becomes. No one but God  
can help you to bear your present cross,  
as from Him only comes the grace that  
teaches you to be resigned to past sor-  
rows. God is greatly glorified by your  
patience.

\* \* \* \* \*

In difficult positions where you anticipate not only trouble for yourself but also dangers for others, foresee and prepare for them, but do not fear them: if they come, the Will of God and His grace will be there also.

\* \* \* \* \*

Be very sure that God's Providence will give you light enough to see each step that you have to take, and to direct it rightly. This gentle guiding will be the work of Divine mercy, sweet and caressing as a mother's love.

*From the French.*

---

Father, who through Thy Son knowest pain, and dost even now feel the pain in this Thy child, help me to endure until Thou shalt say it is enough, and send it from me. Let it not overmaster my patience, let it not be too much for me. What good it shall work in me Thou, Lord, needest not that I should instruct Thee.

McDONALD.

Never dwell on the morrow : remember that it is God's ; not thine. The heaviest part of sorrow often is to look forward to it.

ANON.

---

Great trials are not the common lot. They therefore cannot be the occasion of forming habits. Equally important is it to note that the only hope of rightly meeting those greater trials, lies in the previous preparation gained "through patient continuance in well-doing," in the minor details of life. The mind duly set on making use of common and little things as the opportunities of perfecting holiness, is at the same time, unknown to itself, acquiring a strength which will come forth in the hour of need, to be "more than conqueror," through Christ strengthening it.

REV. T. T. CARTER.

"I knew that thou wouldst often fall,  
 Poor work for Me wouldst do,  
 Wouldst give Me only half thy love,  
 Give praises faint and few.  
 And yet *I chose thee*. Be content :  
 And since thou canst not fly  
 To heights by dearer souls attained,  
 Let it suffice to lie  
 Here at My Feet : it is the place  
 To which My loved ones flee :  
 They find it sweet, and so shalt thou :  
 'Tis a safe place for thee."  
 Yes, it *is* sweet, and it is safe !  
 And here I will abide ;  
 Sinful, and yet forgiven, sad,  
 And yet so satisfied !

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

---

Illness is a privileged state : doubt it  
 not. When does God love us the most ?  
 Is it not when He finds in us the likeness  
 of His Son ? And when does He find  
 us most like Jesus Crucified ? Is it not



when pain fastens us to our bed as He was fastened to the cross? How you will one day rejoice at having been called to suffer so much upon earth!

*Translation, E. M. H.*

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Do not give yourself up to yourself.

ST. THERESA.

---

St. Francis de Sales says, somewhere, that next to sin, the greatest evil is sadness.

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The Will of God explains itself by events.

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Do not allow yourselves to think that illnesses are punishments for sin. In the Gospel, our Lord rebukes His disciples for thinking so. Illnesses are destined to show forth the glory of God. Look at your ills with the eye of faith; you will then find great encouragement.

Sleeplessness will appear to you the faculty of thinking more often of our Lord ; of living longer for Him : pain will seem a means of uniting yourself more closely to His Passion.

---

Let us lean upon the cross of our Lord, from which all true consolations flow, the only true consolations in the world.

---

Do not preoccupy yourself with the thought of death : it will come when God wills, but be certain it will knock at the hour of mercy. Be much in sentiments of confidence and joy, like a child who has been long away from the paternal roof, but who, in returning to it, begins to see the beloved neighborhood again. His heart beats quicker as he thinks of those he is about to see, and who on their part are longing to welcome

him. He cares not to notice whether his travelling suit is in disorder; he is thinking of the gentle caresses of his mother, of his father's evening blessing, of all the sweet joys of the family hearth where he will sit down, welcomed and beloved. *You* are this child tenderly loved, sometimes wept for and always fervently longed for: a thousand prayers protect your journey: and do you fear to enter your Father's House?

SUFFERER'S GUIDE.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

When a trouble comes, say to yourself, "God foresaw from all eternity that I should have this trouble, and that it should be to me a means of sanctification. God approves of my having this trouble, so I will be content: I will not be sorrowful about anything which pleases the merciful Heart of God." In order to think less of your own troubles think much of other people's.

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

Though I am childless, yet my darlings  
are

But parted from me for a little space ;  
They are at Home !—I am the pilgrim—  
one

Who finds in this wide world no rest-  
ing place !

My home is desolate ! yet come their  
spirits

Like ministering angels to my heart ;  
And whisper how, within their Saviour's  
bosom,

They're folded close ! ah me ! and I  
apart ?

Nay ! in His own dear heart of love I'm  
gathered

With my sweet children ! all of us for-  
given

For Jesus' sake ; all ransomed ! only now  
I live by *faith* on earth :—they *see* in  
Heaven.

And when mine eyes, weary with their  
    long watching,  
    Shall close to earth ; then in Christ's  
    home above  
I'll find my darlings : and with clearer  
    vision  
    Shall see and know how, always, " God "   
    was " Love."

And that the cross I deemed on earth so  
    heavy,  
    Hardly I could its grievous burden  
    bear :  
Hath brought me an unfading weight of  
    glory,  
    In the sweet Paradise my children  
    share !

M. H. S.

---

And then consider, that if you love  
Jesus, you shall see them again. That  
every body that with a crushed heart you  
laid in the grave, shall come forth with

a glory, a perfection and a beauty, more than a mother's heart ever imagined.

So real is this, that there is not one feature that lies hidden in the shadow of death, that shall not come out and be reproduced in the living countenance in all its perfection : there is not one tone that has been like music beneath your roof, that shall not thrill your heart again with a far more surpassing beauty and tenderness. You must weep, I know, because the light is gone from your dwelling, and the merry ring of that sweet voice is hushed, and the patter of little feet is heard no more upon the stairs. And when you have dried your tears, for many a year, whenever a little child looks up into your face, you will weep again.

REV. T. IRVING, LL.D.

---

Be patient, heart, while waiting to see  
that shining way :

And the little feet on the Golden Street,  
that can never go astray.

ANON.

But what says the Psalmist? "When my heart is vexed, I will complain." To whom? Not *of* God: but "*to* God."

PUSEY.

---

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance, in prying into God's Ark, not inquiring into things not revealed.

I would fain know all that I need, and all that I may: I leave God's secrets to Himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of His Court, though not of His Council.

BISHOP HALL.

---

Restless and unsatisfied,  
 "Of what use is life?" I cried.  
 "All my wishes are denied.

"All my duties trivial seem,  
 I have energies, I deem,  
 What I *could* be, if I dream.

"Yet I cannot see my way ;  
From this spot whereon I stay,  
So Hope fadeth day by day."

Then a Voice was at my side,  
"Let *My* conduct be Thy Guide."  
('Twas *His* voice : the Crucified.)

"Law and Prophets to fulfill  
Was my life devoted still :  
For I came to do His Will.

What that Will, the Scripture saith,  
Thirty years at Nazareth,  
Three years public work—then *death!*

Thirty years unknown I trod  
Galilee's sequestered sod ;  
But my life was known to God.

Daily work at Joseph's call :  
Daily life with duties small :  
Yet I was the Lord of all.



And these Hands, the world that made,  
Cheerfully at lowliest trade  
Wrought ; and Joseph's will obeyed.

When My public work began,  
As a poor wayfaring man,  
Passed I, up and down the land.

What My earthly need ? to be  
Scorned by Scribe and Pharisee,  
And to die upon the tree.

Daughter, if thy life be true,  
Thou a blessed work shalt do,  
Though unseen to mortal view.

I shall know it ; I shall see  
When, with willing heart and free,  
Thou obedient art, to Me.

All thy quiet life I know :  
For I planned it, long ago :  
Wouldst thou that it were not so ?

I have given all for Thee.  
Live thy quiet life for Me.  
So shall it transfigured be."

\* \* \* \* \*

Now on these sweet words I rest,  
And have ceased my anxious quest :  
For the Master knoweth best.

ANON.

---

Speak little of your troubles to men  
but speak much of them to God.

True resignation is the offering of the heart to God ; and the cheerful acceptance of all that may wound it, afflict it, oppress it.

*Translated, E. H. M.*

---

In all the painful things which happen to you, behold the certain token that our Lord loves you more than He did before : and seek only to show Him your love, by bearing bravely each and every kind of trial you may have to suffer.

*From the French.*

“Abide with me, Lord,” shall heal  
every sickness and fainting of thy soul,  
hush its every fear, soothe every beat-  
ing of thy heart. For in the soul that  
calleth Jesus, He Himself dwells, and  
where He is, is Salvation and Peace, and  
Life, and Love.

PUSEY.

---

Make a little fence of trust  
Around to-day,  
Fill the space with loving words,  
And therein stay.  
Look not thro' the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes,  
If joy or sorrow.

ANON.

---

There 'neath the snow that seemed so  
like his whiteness,  
We laid our well-beloved free from  
guile,

Fresh in his early brightness.

And we rejoice :—'Tis but a little  
while ;

The tall trees over-arch his resting place,  
While the same sun looks still as glad-  
ly down,

As in those bright June days  
When to me, nature never wore a  
frown.

\* \* \* \* \*

And lonely hearts that sorely miss  
Her gentle loving smile,  
The watching of her thoughtful care  
Their comfort to beguile,  
Remember how she suffering walked  
In patience day by day :  
And, 'mid their sorrowing, rejoice  
She dwells with Christ away.

In that bright land beyond the stars,  
What greetings will there be,  
When those who parted here in tears,  
Shall meet eternally :

No sorrow there : no pain, no death,  
The circle whole once more,  
May Love and Faith unite us till  
We reach that happy shore !

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Oh ! empty places by the hearth,  
That thicken with the years :  
All unforgotten they whose names  
We speak through falling tears !

MARY P. BOLLER.

---

Try to dwell less upon the actual  
Cross than upon the Hand which lays it  
on you : seek, ask earnestly, to know  
what God would say to you by it : what  
lesson He means you to learn upon it.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Come what may to the dearest ones  
we have on earth, God and His uphold-  
ing grace will be there, and He cares for  
them more than we can ever do. An  
earnest commendation of them to Him  
will avail them more than all our fretting

BEYOND.

“In Thy presence is fulness of joy.”

UPON her face, a patient sorrow fell ;  
Her eyes were like the soft-hued violet,  
Held in whose hidings, love and anguish met

. In pangs of striving that no words may tell.

Their gaze, beyond the River's maze  
attent,

Sought for the homeward way *his* foot-  
steps went :

And then the Lord, who pitieth His own,  
Beheld in her the travail of His soul ;  
And hearkening to her sorrow's secret  
moan,

He drew her to Himself, her being's  
goal.

*And now*, with all the fulness of His joy  
Made glad, no shade may dim, nor pain  
alloy

The peaceful shining of her face, for  
love

Is perfected at God's right hand above

M. K. A. STONE.

---

Better a death when work is done

Than earth's most favored birth :

Better a child in God's great House

Than the king of all the earth.

McDONALD.

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How will all thy longest trials shrink  
into a very nothing, when thy amazed  
soul shall enter into the brightness of  
God's Eternal Light and Love !

PUSEY.

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One has no time to be miserable, and  
one is ashamed to invent little sorrows  
for one's self while one is trying to re-  
lieve such grief in others as would kill  
us, if we gave way.

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Continual resignation, at last I begin to find, is the secret of continual strength. Daily *dying*, as Behmen interprets it, is the path of daily living.

C. KINGSLEY.

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Thank God, if you have ease or joy : resign yourself to Him, if you have sorrow or pain : seek Him if you have temptation : ask His guidance if in perplexity ; make it an end with you to have Him in all your thoughts.

PUSEY.

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No sin : no grief : no pain :  
Safe in my happy home,  
My fears all fled ; my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph come,  
Oh ! friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are watching still in the vale of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.



Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out in the glittering sky,  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storms of conflict die :  
Then why should your tears roll down  
And your hearts be sorely riven  
For another gem in the Saviour's Crown,  
And another soul in Heaven ?

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ANON.

It is selfish to dwell on our griefs as though some strange thing had happened to us, as though they were too important to be relieved, or it were a virtue to smile under them. That bereavement seems rather sanctified which saddens the heart not overmuch, and softens without withering it.

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H. HOOKER.

A few years past, and what will it concern us, under what outward circumstances we have passed our life, so that our lot is then with God's saints ?

E. B. P.

It is a sair thing to be misjudged, but it is no more than the Maker o' us all pits up wi, ilka hoer o' the day, and says ne'er a word. Eh, but God's unco quiet? Sae long as He kens to Himsel as He's richt, He lets folks think as they like, till He has time to let them ken better. Lord, mak clean my heart within me, an syne I'll care little for any judgment but Thine !

McDONALD.

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The heaviest part of sorrow often is to look forward to it. "The Lord will provide." We listen gladly to our children as they tell us their little troubles : to God, all of ours is in itself alike little. But all which concerns our soul is not little to Him who sent His Son into the world to redeem us : it is not little to Him who became Man, and died for us. The measure of the soul's value is His Love who is Infinite. You can tell Him then your trials, and ask for grace.

PUSEY.

Want of love is the cause of all want of faith. Did we fully love God, who could for a moment doubt Him? Who could repine at any loss, or pain, or want, or sickness, or bereavement, if He loved God with His whole soul and heart and strength?

P.

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Discouraged in the work of life,  
Disheartened by its load,  
Shamed by its failures or its fears,  
I sink beside the road :  
But let me only think of Thee,  
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,  
My restlessness to still :  
Around me flows Thy quickened life  
To nerve my faltering will :  
Thy Presence fills my solitude,  
And I have all in Thee, my God.

*Adapted from REV. S. LONGFELLOW.*

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Buffeted by Satan, pierced and bleeding from his darts, wearied with resistance, one feels the comfort which comes from clinging to the Hand stretched out to save us. Christ comes near to him whom Satan assaults, and stands ready to bear him up, to bind up his wounds, and pour into them the oil of Heavenly consolation.

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No matter what foes assault us, nor what dangers surround us, putting on the whole armor of God, let us "stand in the evil day." The reward, and the eternal rest, will be given hereafter.

S. O. S.

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There is much for us to do here : there is infinitely more for us to do beyond the grave ; we need to be prepared, and God prepares us by resistance in difficulty, by endurance in pain.

STOFFORD BROOKE.

Bear patiently and humbly all daily crosses, contradictions, rebukes, and whatsoever is against thine own will. They will conform thee to the mind of God : they will be channels of grace which will cleanse thy soul for yet further grace.

PUSEY.

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God liveth ever !

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never !  
Scarce canst thou bear His Cross ? then  
fly

To Him, where only rest is sweet !  
Thy God is great. His mercy nigh ;  
His strength upholds the tottering feet :  
Trust Him ! for His grace is sure :  
Ever doth His truth endure :  
Soul, forget not in thy pains,  
God o'er all forever reigns.

ZIHN. 1682.

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It is not always easy to realize that our souls do not perish with our bodies,

but surely no such cold doubts need assail the Christian's heart, nor chill his faith, as he thinks of those who sleep in Jesus, for reason asserts, and Scripture affirms its assertion, that *we shall see them again*, that we shall know them, and it will add to the joys of Heaven even, that in the full communion of love we can together cast our crowns at our Saviour's Feet. The river of forgetfulness did indeed flow through the heaven of ancient heathenism, but let us thank God that it does not water the Christian's Paradise.

S. O. S.

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If love on earth is but in part  
As light and shade at even :  
If sin doth plant a thorn between  
'The truest hearts, there is, I ween,  
A perfect love in Heaven.

O happy world ! O glorious place  
Where all who are forgiven

Shall find their loved and lost below,  
And hearts like meeting streams shall flow  
Forever one in Heaven.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

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We saw thee come : we saw thee go,  
Brief guest in this our earthly land.  
Where from ? where to ? we only know  
From God's own Hand to God's own  
Hand.

UHLAND : *On the Death of an Infant.*

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Impatience is not to feel the weight  
of suffering, but to attempt to throw it  
off : not to be bowed down, but to rebel :  
not to be cut to the heart with anguish,  
nor to writhe in agony, but not out of the  
deep to call upon God.

PUSEY.

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Deep in the heart of pain God's Hand  
hath set  
A hidden rest and bliss :  
Take as His Gift the pain, the gift brings  
yet

A truer happiness.  
God's voice speaks through it all the high  
behest,  
That bids His People enter into rest.  
LUCY FLETCHER.

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As I look back over such a life, I seem to have the vision of one of those bright summer days, those "bridal days of earth and sky," which from the quiet dawning has moved gently onward to the peaceful noontide, and the more peaceful sunset, broken by no storms, and marred by no convulsions. You do not care, as the vision rises to your eye, to separate and count the moments or the hours of such a day. You take it as a whole, refraining from all rude touch of that whole, even in your thoughts : and you rest, you rejoice in resting, in the sweet impression of living beauty and unbroken peace. Blessed the life that finds its emblem in a day like that, and,



therefore, blessed that life which has here passed from the seen and temporal into the unseen and eternal.

*Funeral Address by* RIGHT REV. J. WILLIAMS, D. D.

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The sufferings of Christ cannot be real to him who never suffers.

P.

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MY DEAR FRIEND :

One after another we are all called upon to drink of the bitter cup of bereavement ; to lay our treasures in the dust ; and though " every heart knoweth its own bitterness," yet are we told to bear one another's burdens.

Let me assure you, then, that my heart feels for you this heavy pressure of a great sorrow : this blighting of cherished hopes, that lie buried forever in the grave : the tediousness of days that seem as if they would never end : the long watches of the night, in which you live over all the past : the awakening in the

morning, when a most painful sense of your bereavement is your first thought.

All this I know you feel, and I am sure too with choking utterance and through burning tears you are endeavoring to say—"My Father's Hand has appointed it : His will be done ! although He slay me, yet will I trust Him !"

His Hand only *can* bind up the wound ! what a comfort to know, when smarting under the rod, that though He has permitted us to sorrow, it is not as those without hope ! what a comfort to feel that you are spared the heaviest of all afflictions, the watching by a dying bed at which we could not dare to hope that to die was gain !

Earthly ties are broken to draw us nearer to our Heavenly Home, Earth's attractions are lessened to enable us to fix our affections more securely on our heavenly heritage.

Could we, then, in view of the present

and unalloyed happiness we feel our loved ones are enjoying in the presence of their Saviour ; could we for one moment wish them back, or envy JESUS more jewels in the diadem of His Glory !

Mourner, then rejoice ! a few more throbbings of thy aching heart, and thy eye too will be lighted with holy lustre, and thy tongue too with holy rapture will sing the Song of the Redeemed.

E. P.

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Then Jesus spoke, “bring here thy burden

And find in me a full release :

Bring all thy sorrows, all thy longings

And take instead my perfect peace.

Trying to bear the Cross alone !—

Child, the mistake is all thy own.”

And now my cross is all supported ;

Part on my Lord, and part on me :

But as He is so much the stronger,

He seems to bear it,—I go free !

I touch its weight, just here and there,  
Weight that would crush, were He not  
near !

Or if at times it seemeth heavy,  
And if I droop along the road :  
The Master lays His own sweet promise \*  
Between my shoulder and the load,  
Bidding my heart look *up*, not down,  
Till the cross fades before the crown.

ANON.

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Did you ever think how many temptations and faults are averted by the little crosses of daily life ? how the graces of patience and forbearance and sympathy and lowliness, are fostered by the watchfulness they foster in you ?

ANON.

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Faint not, nor despond. If thou prayest, thy "heaviness shall be turned

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\* "The pillow of the promise."—RUTHERFORD.

into joy." Let thy heaviness ever issue in prayer, brief but longing: and while thou art yet in heaviness upon earth, thy prayer which seems to fall back on thee, Angels shall waft on their golden censers, and thine Almighty Intercessor shall present it before His Father.

PUSEY.

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But he must bear it. He must ! There is an awful majesty in necessity, and in God's service it has two arms : and if one be swift to smite, the other is strong and tender to uphold !

GARRETT.

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With every child we lose, we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce farther the sky.

H. W. B.

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Tears make the Harvest of the heart to grow, yet it is the anticipated light of the unrisen morning that ripens it.

ANON.

If in sorrow the thought strikes you that we are punished for our sins, mourn for *them*, and not for the happiness they have prevented.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

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The Christian will not less eagerly pursue his course, as he thinks of the glorious life which awaits him, of the bliss which will reward his efforts and repay him for all his trials, as with the eye of faith he looks forward to those Golden Hills whereon the sunshine of God's Presence rests with eternal brightness.

S. O. S.

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Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering. God does not make us suffer for the sake of suffering, but to teach us to forget ourselves, in that state in which this self-forgetfulness is the most difficult;—a state of great sorrow.

ANON.

In all seasons of suffering, mental or bodily, it is a great help to try and dwell only upon the hour actually present. Bear or act for the best as in God's sight for to-day, and leave to-morrow's cares absolutely to Him. They may never come in the shape you now imagine them, or, if they do, they will bring with them their own peculiar strengthening grace, which does not attend their contemplation to-day.

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As under every stone there is moisture, so under every sorrow there is joy : and when we come to understand life rightly, we see that sorrow, after all, is but the minister of joy. Sorrow is a condition of time, but joy is the condition of eternity.

ST. BONAVENTURA.

